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THE
LADIES' ASS-RACE;

—
OR, THE
SPORTS OF BARTON DOWNS.

A
POEM, IN HEROIC VERSE.

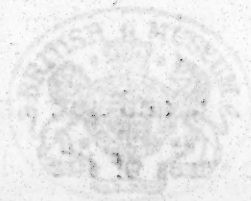
Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.

Take my advice, and now and then, my boy,
Mix with the cares of life a little joy.

BURY ST. EDMUND'S:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. RACKHAM, STATIONER;
SOLD ALSO BY W. RICHARDSON, ROYAL-EXCHANGE, LONDON;
AND MOST BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

MDCCXCI.



TO THE
C R I T I C S.

SAGE Areopagites, who fit
Chief judges of the works of wit,
With pity, from your bench, regard
An experienc'd youngling bard,
Who has dar'd, alas! to write,
Ev'n perhaps in Nature's spite.
Let not your *all-seeing* eyes
Scowl, when little faults arise,
Such there are, and such will be
Ever in humanity.
And should any smell too strong,
Sneer ye may, but chain the tongue.
Where the glory, prithee say,
Should your keenest censure slay

Such

Such a paltry thing as I?—
 Shall giants strive to crush a fly?
 And should I elude the blow,
 I'll my indignation show.
 Nay, suppress that haughty smile,
 Nor my insect power revile:
 Parent Nature has not left
 Flies of ev'ry means bereft
 To revenge their wrongs on man,
 And I'll do whate'er I can:
 Faith, I will, carniv'rous finners,
 Taint your meat, and spoil your dinners,
 Buzz about your ears and eyes,
 Learn you whom to criticise.
 Judge ye therefore, learned Sirs,
 By your skill, which *never* errs,
 Whether, if such risk you run,
 More may not be lost than won.

THE

T H E
L A D I E S A S S - R A C E.

BUT hold:—'tis meet, perhaps, ere I begin,
The lovely Muses' gracious smiles to win.
Come, all ye Nine, from fountain, hill, or grove;
Come, charming Maids! for all your charms I love;
But chiefly thou, sweet mirth-inspiring Maid!
Who yield'st to B—— & thy pow'rful aid;
Inspire my song, assist my bold design;—
Yours be the laurel, be the labour mine.

Now hush the babbling member, and, to hear,
Unbar the portal of the winding ear;
Let no officious friend, with ill-tim'd zeal,
By causeless laughs, a brainless pate reveal;

B

Nor .

Nor let four Prejudice perversely try
To dart destruction from his surly eye ;
Nor dull Conceit, devoid of genuine taste,
Its flippant wit in fruitless critiques waste ;
And you, ye learned, with indulgent ear,
Imagination's wild effusions hear ;
Nor harshly try each seeming sinful part
By the red plough-shares of your rules of art,
But laugh, as Nature prompts, where'er ye can,
And judge with candour, as becometh Man,
While, in heroic numbers, I record
The sports sublime that long ear'd brutes afford ;
Paint the gay scene, and tell the monstrous fun
It was to see the Ladies Asses run.
Conceive the sight ! how grand the sportive scene,
When Donkeys race it o'er the level green !
High favour'd green ! Newmarket never knew
These nobler honours, long reserv'd for you !
Indulgent Nature, with her smiles serene,
The day enlivens, and improves the scene :

For

THE LADIES ASS-RACE.

3

For as, exalted on that rising mound,
 Whose verdant top commands the country round,
 And blest with sight beyond what mortals know,
 I gaze enraptur'd o'er the plain below,
 What streams of joy from ev'ry quarter flow!
 High o'er the eastern hills the God of Day,
 Is slowly climbing his diurnal way;
 And, prescient of the sports, he shines, bedight
 In his best robe of pure refulgent light;
 Each heart with joy drinks his enliv'ning gleams,
 And many a window glitters with his beams;
 On ev'ry side the larks shrill notes I hear,
 That fill with ravishment my list'ning ear,
 While, on the wings of viewless zephyrs borne,
 Around me floats the fragrant breath of morn:
 There the wild rabbit gratifies his taste
 On the young thistle of the dreary waste;
 There bleating flocks, wide-scatter'd o'er the field,
 Crop the sweet herbage that the fallows yield;
 There, just ascended from that little lake,
 The snow-white geese their moisten'd plumage shake,

B 2

Or

Or at full length their rising forms display,
With wings expanded to the morning ray,
Or seated on its soft and verdant brim,
With necks recurv'd their spotless pinions trim :
And here the rooks attend the ploughman's toil,
In quest of food, along the furrow'd foil.
Life, happy life, in forms innumerable rise,
Through all the scene, where'er I stretch my eyes :
See man's imperial race, in numbers gay,
Press onward, gabbling, through each winding way ;
From shop, barn, office, field, or board, they come,
From smoaky hovel, or the stately dome,
In motley trains :—some gallantly, astride
Their neighing steeds, in proud procession ride ;
While some in chariots, some in whiskeys borne,
Toss up their heads, and view the troops with scorn,
Whom Fortune dooms, by more laborious means,
To taste the sweets of such enchanting scenes.
But trudge along my brethren, heed them not,
Ye too shall reach with them that happy spot,

Where

THE LADIES ASS-RACE.

5

Where painted posts in circling order trace
The destin'd limits of the future race,
And teach their pride, 'tis indolence that needs
Their whiskeys, chariots, and their prancing steeds.
Mark how that active band leave far behind
Their weaker brethren, maimed, halt, or blind.
Impatience wings their young and nimble feet,
That bound o'er ev'ry obstacle they meet :
No furrow'd field, no hedge, nor ditch can stay
Their bold determin'd steps, or bar their way ;
To women and Disease's hobbling train,
They leave the beaten track with proud disdain,
And in a line direct their march they beat,
Patient as camels of fatigue and heat.
Ev'n age itself, though hindmost it appears,
Seems to have shaken off its load of years ;
For more erect than when she begs her bread,
Yon aged matron rears her palsied head.

Here foremost strides a form whose strength might wield
Th' enormous weight of Ajax' sev'nfold shield ;

He

He scorns to day his sweating work to ply,
 Unheav'd by him the breathless bellows lie,
 Between his tongs no fervid metal glows,
 No anvil rings beneath his sturdy blows ;
 The steed unshod within the traverse stands,
 From labour rescu'd by his idle hands.

That taylor there must cause yon beau sad sighs,
 By him untouch'd his broad-strip'd waistcoat lies ;
 That tasty broad-strip'd waistcoat, that so warms
 His heart, enamour'd of its gaudy charms,
 And meant by him his body to array,
 Like any tulip, on the next Lord's-Day ;
 But all his flatt'ring crop of promis'd joy
 That taylor, like a mildew, shall destroy :
 For this glad day to festive mirth he gives,
 And *like a man* on sports and flacker * lives ;
 To-morrow meets again his idle friends,
 Again the day in gay carousal ends ;

* This is a drink composed of old-beer and ale, well known to
 M-----ll and its vicinity.

THE LADIES ASS-RACE.

7

The third day, racking pains distract his head,
 He loaths the goose, and hates the name of thread :
 Thus shall his week expire, his faith be foil'd,
 Thy hopes all blasted, all thy projects foil'd !
 Much injur'd beau, my sympathetic heart
 In all thy sorrows bears a friendly part !
 I know thou mean'st to make the village stare
 At thy fine waistcoat, and thy powder'd hair ;
 To captivate some tender hearted maid
 By pow'rful Fashion's fascinating aid ;
 But now, alas ! on that ill-fated day
 Confin'd at home, thou must reluctant stay ;
 For what are beaux without their waistcoats gay ?
 Yet let not wrath *too* much inflame thy soul,
 Hard is the task our fury to controul :
 And where with justice can thy anger fall ?
 Thyself art curious, we are curious all ;
 All frail, frail men ! and all such fights enjoy,
 Even from the statesman to the barber's boy.
 Nor deem the taylor less a man than you,
 He too desires, he pants for something new ;

}

And

8 THE LADIES ASS-RACE.

And say what fight more rare, more form'd to please,
Than twelve fair ladies asses such as these?

All trades, professions, on this signal day,
Hail the glad festival, and haste away
To share the pleasure's of th' unusual fight,
How wretched life, robb'd of such gay delight!
See the pleas'd scriv'ner, floating with the tide,
His pen and parchment dash'd with scorn aside;
And see the barber's boy has left his wig,
Curl'd his own locks, and struts most wond'rous big:
And, as Machaon sail'd to hostile Troy,
With twofold aim, to heal or to destroy,
See too the sons of Æsculapius here,
Prepar'd to laugh, or lend their healing care:
Nor can the strap the cobbler's wife restrain,
Ardent for pleasure, she defies the pain,
Such woman nature, and all words are vain: }
Nay their great lords may frown, may stamp, may swear,
But what does woman, faucy woman, care?
A gleam of joy illumes the fourest face,
And Beauty smiles with more than wonted grace.

Now

THE LADIES ASS-RACE.

9

Now on that spot, distinguished o'er the field,
Destin'd a plenteous crop of joys to yield,
I view the assembled multitudes, and hear
The voice of Babel breaking on my ear.
Across the course, on the soft daisied grass,
Th' expecting throngs in all directions pass.
Thus oft, confus'd, beneath the chearly sun,
The pismire nation o'er an ant-hill run,
And while ten thousand ways they mingling drive,
The very hill itself appears alive.
And see impatience strong in ev'ry face,
Each asks his neighbour, "When begins the race?"
The restless horseman spurs his steed along,
And cuts, regardless, through the inferior throng,
Bears down the gaping rustic in the croud,
Who vents his ire in execrations loud.
Now like a torrent rush the driving host,
Men, steeds, and chariots to the starting post;
Where hangs a whip, that charms admiring eyes,
And a new saddle, still a richer prize:

C

This

This to reward the foremost in the race,
That meant the second in the course to grace.
And here, in order rang'd, with wond'rous care,
Twelve Ladies' Asses side by side appear :
Not one a hair beyond his rival shows
His tapering ear, or points his eager nose,
But every forehead seems to meet a line,
Stretch'd out, invisible, by hands divine.
Clear, clear the way, yon horseman cries aloud,
Whilst, whip in hand, he rushes on the croud ;
Stung by his lash, or frightened by his steed,
Th' expanding multitudes like sheep recede,
Then form a lengthen'd line on either hand,
Where, lock'd in firm array, compact they stand,
Like walls of brass ; supremely happy those,
Who, smiling, in the front their forms expose ;
'Tis their's to see each rider fine and gay,
Arm'd with a whip, and mounted for the fray,
Distinctly clad, and on each desp'rate heel
A pointed rowel of resplendent steel,
Which each unconscious Donkey soon must feel.

} And

THE LADIES ASS-RACE.

11

And hark the signal clangs:—their whips resound;
 Each gentler Donkey scours it o'er the ground,
 While shouts, that rend the vaulted skies, impart
 An honest ardour to each rider's heart.
 But, ah! no sympathy some Asses feel,
 Alike regardless, or of fame, or steel:
 For see that unambitious stubborn thing,
 Though whipp'd and spurr'd, advances in a ring;
 Cold to the flame that fires his rider's soul,
 He bears him cursing round and round the goal.
 Unhappy, blushing, angry boy, ah! why
 Heaves thy young bosom with so deep a sigh?
 Why hang those pearls of sorrow in thine eye?
 All must declare, who stay'd to heed thy shame,
 Thy restive Donkey most deserv'd the blame.
 Fain would I cheer thee, youth, for none should know,
 Save for foul guilt, so vast a load of woe.

But, turning from this sight, I haste to find
 The flying Donkeys, fleetier than the wind,
 I see them follow'd by a shouting train,
 Whose nimble feet toil after them in vain.

But what is that! a rider on the ground,
 Pale as his shirt, and bleeding with his wound!
 Hurl'd from his lofty seat the hero fell
 O'er Donkey's head,—for Donkey would rebel
 If spurr'd too roughly, this his rider knew;
 But, ah! too eager of the prize in view,
 Too fond of glory! deep he pierc'd his side,
 And the blood gush'd from his rebellious hide.
 And now, no longer eager for the prize,
 Resentment flash'd from Donkey's angry eyes;
 Though late the foremost Afs upon the course,
 Fix'd as a rock he stood, defying force,
 Till spurr'd again, then, more than ever fir'd,
 Down dropt his forehead, whilst his heels aspir'd
 To reach the clouds—loud laugh'd the following crew,
 * Prone from his seat his wan director flew:
 His nose first met the ground—a purple flood
 Burst from his nostrils, of plebeian blood;

* ———excutitur pronusque magister

Volvitur in caput.

VIRG. ÆN. lib. I. v. 119.

The purple flood dishonours half his face,
And scarce they know him through the thick disgrace:
Ev'n his new racing-jacket, late so smart,
His sister's work, the fiddle of his heart,
Trimm'd and embellish'd with peculiar taste,
And bound with azure ribbon round his waist,
Poor, ill-starr'd youth! down to his sash before,
Is stain'd most sadly with polluting gore.
Unfeeling Donkey! what a world of woe
Must both the brother and the sister know!
Where are the smiling hopes that late possess,
And fill'd with confidence *his* ardent breast,
When foremost, cutting through the shouting throng,
Thou scamper'dst like an antelope along?
All, all are fled! for him alone remain
Despair, and shame, and broken nose, and pain:
While the sweet sister most perversely crost,
Her brother baffled, all her labours lost,
Is left to pour her unavailing tears
In kind condolment with a brother's cares,

And

And all for thee, the sulkiest brute on earth ;
Curst be the hour that gave such Donkeys birth !
But thou, rash youth ! from this disaster, know
With fire less fierce in thy pursuits to glow ;
And when to Fame thou next attempt'st to ride,
Be Moderation thy prudential guide.

But I must leave thee (may some hand be found
Of * Iapean skill to heal thy wound),
And, passing all inferior Donkeys by,
On yon two charming creatures turn my eye.
No vulgar Asses these, of doubtful line,
This boasts his ancestors of Palestine,
That from progenitors of Syrian breed
Claims his descent :—a proud descent indeed !
For he can tell how, in the days of yore,
His great-great-grandfires, seers, and monarchs bore,
And vainly hints (what *he* believes at least)
That one of these was that illustrious beast,

* Virgil, *Æneid* XII.

That bore Mohammed to the starry plain,
And kindly waits to bring him back again :
Yet frankly owns it past his comprehension,
How laden aſs ſhould make that high aſcenſion ;
Or, ſafe arriv'd above the fields of air,
What food ſo long preſerves his vitals there :
Yet here, ſince reaſon can no light afford,
No ſceptic he, he takes the prophet's word.

'Twas at the time when forth from haughty Rome
Iſſu'd foul Superſtition's thickeſt gloom,
And, o'er the weſtern world expanding round,
Involv'd the nations in its night profound,
Obscur'd the ſun of Science, and confin'd
To darkeſt Ignorance the human mind ;
When all the ſons of barbarous Europe, fir'd
By * Peter's voice, with hair-brain'd zeal aspir'd
T' avenge the cauſe of God, and far to chace
From Holy Land an unbelieving race,

* Robertſon's Charles V. vol. i. § 1.

That Mary, confort of a gallant knight,
Renown'd for valour in the fields of fight,
Did with her lord to distant dangers roam,
Scorning the solitary couch at home,
And, back returning, she transported o'er
The foaming billows to her native shore,
The great forefather of this wond'rous brute,
Of all her dangers past the *glorious* fruit!
Convey'd in safety to our hardier clime
From Syria's mountains and her palms sublime;
Here, blest as Afs could be, he past his days,
High fed, and honour'd with his lady's praise.
Oft would her eye admire his velvet vest,
Her lily hand oft clap his shining chest;
And still, at visit, to each wond'ring dame
She shew'd, delighted, his all-perfect frame,
Trac'd his long pedigree with conscious pride,
And talk'd in raptures of his charming hide.
But soon relentless Fate, with envious eyes,
Beheld his bliss, and snatch'd her to the skies:

Then

Then chang'd the scene :—one melancholy day
Swept with his mistress all his joys away.
Here pause and mark what ills ere death may wait,
Whate'er is happy, honour'd, rich, or great,
Recal how * Cræsus, of his wealth so vain,
Serv'd but to grace at last the victor's chain ;
How the dread † Hannibal, the scourge of Rome,
In exile sunk by poison to the tomb ;
How Dionysius from imperial rule
Shrunk to the petty tyrant of a school :
Nor could this stranger, in our happy clime,
Escape the sad vicissitudes of time ;
Forlorn, abandon'd, his kind mistress dead,
He finds his toil must earn his daily bread :
Though forms like his could charm her polish'd eye,
His form the vulgar past regardless by.
Shame on the world ! how oft are nations blind
To objects, ravishing a taste refin'd.

* See Herodotus in Clio.

† See Corn. Nepos in Hannibal,

Not Zeuxis' pencil, nor, Apelles, thine
To Goths and Vandals could appear divine ;
Not Virgil's lays, nor Homer's golden page
Could charm the dulness of a barbarous age ;
Nor could this Ass's ancestry and shape
A nation's ignorant contempt escape :
With his fair patroness all taste expir'd
For high-bred Asses, justly sure admir'd !
Soon was he seen a vulgar pedlar's hack,
With loaded panniers balanc'd on his back ;
And all his fleet descendants since have known
The sack, or pannier, with indignant groan ;
For Asses, conscious of their high descent,
Like Man, degraded, groan with discontent.
And he, the hero of our daring song,
Call'd Moody falsely by the vulgar tongue,
Mahmoud his name (a sound that always rears
Erect with pride his long aspiring ears,
As new-dubb'd doctors, tickled with the sound
Of recent title, look far more profound.)

Now

Now serves a woman, who to Bury sends
Her milk nectareous, undiluted vends;
For never, never did the limpid stream
Disgrace her pail, and spoil the buyer's cream,
Compact his limbs, and pleasing to behold,
By Nature fashion'd in her finest mould;
Each well-strung nerve with vig'rous force supply'd,
And clean the motled ermine of his hide,
Loud and sonorous, his tremendous bray
Scatters the frightened pigeons far away;
And as his notes through all the welkin ring,
Pale infants closer to their nurses cling.

Such is our Syrian: nor in birth, in years,
In vigour, beauty, voice, and length of ears,
Inferior he, who boasts his haughty line
From rev'rend ancestors of Palestine:
Bobtail his name, a vulgar name indeed,
But Bobtail glories in his voice and speed;
And, proud of gifts like these, with just disdain,
He deems all pompous appellations vain,

To merit nothing, to the worthless Ass
The stamp of value on adulterate brass.
These rival Asses, matchless in the race,
In colour differ as mankind in face :
The Palestinian's hue resembles night,
But brown the Syrian's, mixt with greyish white.

And now, behold them through the gaping throng
Bounding impetuously to fame along,
And, as they pant to win the glorious prize,
Attracting wonder from the gazer's eyes.
Now their light flying feet devour the course
With equal speed, supply'd by equal force ;
Now Mahmoud proudly leads the nimble race,
Now Bobtail foremost points his anxious face ;
Again together move their heads—their tails ;
Now the black Ass, and now the brown prevails.
Ye gods, how rare the sport ! how fine the fun !
How grand the contest when such Asses run !
I catch the joy that triumphs in the plain,
And all their transports in my bosom reign.

Ev'n

Ev'n Heraclitus, that old whining boy,
Who wept at folly, here, had danc'd with joy.
Ye Circi, Play-houses, and Riding-schools,
Throng'd by the great, the good, by knaves and fools,
Thou Chelt'nham, Bath, and Tunbridge, Brighton, all
Ye crouded wat'ring places great and small,
To health restorative, in latter years
Honour'd by kings, by princes, and by peers,
Ye Gardens, Opera's, Masquerades, and Balls,
Ye Concerts, vibrating through echoing halls,
Ye Readings, Spoutings, Exhibitions, Shows,
Ye brilliant Drawing-rooms, where beauty glows
In full effulgence, all ye charming things,
That form the pride of courts, the pomp of kings,
What are ye all? what all your splendid train,
Compar'd to Ass-Races on Barton Plain!

But see, each rider's eye has caught the goal,
And tenfold ardour burns in either soul.
Well skill'd are both to sit on Donkey's rump,
And bang his body with resounding thump;

Or

Or touch his flank, where Affes finely feel
 With piercing point of speed-improving steel.
 High o'er their heads they whirl their whalebones round,
 And, at each stroke, their lashing cords resound,
 Whilst the sharp spur inflicts a deeper wound.
 Their tails they whisk, and scarce the tender grass
 Bends with the pressure of each eager Afs:
 But still, as though *one* energizing force
 Impell'd *both* rivals o'er th'ennobled course,
 No human eye, endow'd with keenest sight,
 Can mark the foremost in the doubtful flight;
 For side by side with equal pace they flee,
 Like wheels revolving on one axletree.
 But Mahmoud's rider, fretted to sustain
 So sharp a conflict on the sporting plain,
 And near approaching that decisive place,
 Where fame must meet him, or where foul disgrace,
 With artful eloquence, inspir'd by fear,
 Addresses thus the gen'rous Mahmoud's ear:
 " Now, Mahmoud, now thy boasted lineage prove,
 " And all my scruples, all my doubts remove.

If

“ If on this day unconquer’d thou remain,
“ Thyself victorious on the admiring plain,
“ Then shall the world, for twice six miles around,
“ With Mahmoud’s ancestry and fame resound,
“ And all these Ladies who survey thy speed
“ Shall hail thee a *prodigious* Afs indeed :
“ And say, what wreath of laurel, palm, or bays,
“ Can grace the victor like a lady’s praise ?”

He said : his proud heart, kindling at the name
Of Mahmoud, felt each word increase the flame.

He burns to prove his high descent, and hear
The Ladies’ praises titilate his ear.

The boiling streams that circle from his heart,
To ev’ry limb a vig’rous fire impart,
Then, rushing forward with recruited force,
Whilst loud applause rings through th’ astonish’d course,
The goal he passes, glorying in his strength,
And leaves his rival full an Afs’s length.

Down from his back the nimble youth descends,
And low to earth with bow obsequious bends ;

While

While louder shouts from tongues of ev'ry size
Lift his re-echoing glory to the skies.
The judge then hail'd him victor, and around
His brows a wreath of harmless thistles bound;
And no proud victor on th' Olympic plain
E'er look'd so great, so happy, and so vain.
But mark how transient are all earthly joys,
Thin splendid bubbles, which a touch destroys;
For as with gratitude and pride once more
He bends, ev'n lower than he bent before,
His As, who near him stood, beheld the fight
With envy, sharpen'd by his appetite,
And in a moment, as the victor rose,
Snatch'd the unfaded thistles from his brows:
But still that smart new saddle, gain'd beside,
Supports his temper with becoming pride.
And see where honest Bobtail's rider too
Bears off the whip, his undisputed due;
And, whilst his heart with joy sincere rebounds,
The cord he cracks till all the plain resounds.

Now

Now all the sons of honour haste to pay
Their various debts—I mean their debts of play.
But hark ! what clamour, oaths, and hubbub loud,
Ascend the skies from yon increasing croud !
All to that spot tumultuous hast'ning throng,
Where, wedg'd together, man drives man along.
What means that lifted arm, that threat'ning eye,
That chills with horror ev'ry stander by ?
Why were those garments tost in rage away ?
Why flaunts that ragged shirt in open day ?
Gods ! 'tis a youth defrauded of his right,
Who fiercely dares his foe to single fight !
That foe a wretch, who, all athirst for gain,
His groat had fairly wager'd on the plain,
When vict'ry hover'd o'er each Afs, nor knew
To which her laurel-crown and palm were due :
But when he saw that Fortune, fickle jade,
Had mock'd his vows, and all his hopes betray'd,
To save his *honour*, and discharge the debt,
He long maintain'd that *threepence* was his bet ;

E

At

At last, in tone decisive, flatly swore,
It *must* be threepence, for—he *had* no more.
Enrag'd by paltry arguments like these,
No looks, no supplications can appease
His hot implacable antagonist,
Who, fierce, advancing, with his iron fist
Aims a dire blow full at the caitiff's nose,
But he, a mortal enemy to blows,
Nimble eludes the stroke, then backward bends,
But mischief still the miscreant's steps attends;
For as incautiously his coward feet,
Impell'd by blind timidity, retreat,
On nuts and apples, cakes and juicy pears
He stamps, regardless, while yon female swears,
And stung to madness by such manners rough,
Forth from her fingers flies—the pinch of snuff,
Then, swift as light'ning, to the wretch she hies,
With hair dishevell'd, and terrific eyes,
And on his cheeks, his ears, his mouth, his nose,
As thick as hail descend her furious blows.

What

What boots it now, that, baffled of his aim,
Down to the earth thy warm opponent came,
By his outrageous strength extended prone,
What boots, alas! his broken collar-bone,
Since this much injur'd dame, with passion warm,
Lends his *lame* vengeance her heroic arm?
Nor ceas'd the storm, till one tremendous blow
Laid, stretch'd on earth, the guilty recreant low;
Then, turning from him with insulting smile,
Her taunting words the coward thus revile,
"Learn from this arm, when next thou seek'st retreat,
"With more discretion to conduct thy feet."
Bright Phœbus more than half his race has run,
Hush'd is the tumult, and the sports are done.

And now, through countless paths that cross the plain,
Hungry and thirsty all return again.

Pleas'd I behold them as away they pass,
On foot, in carriage, or on horse, or ass.
There the red cloak its flaming hue displays,
There the gilt chariot shoots its fulgid rays,

There

There frisks the steed, there skips the wanton boy,
His heart like mine still vibrating with joy :
And as they walk, or ride, or prance along,
Thy glory, Mahmoud, flows from tongue to tongue.



